

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

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Chinook, Alberta. Thursday, April 15th 1943



A COUNTRY EDITOR SEES Ottawa

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS OF CANADA BY JIM GREENBLAT, Editor of the SUN SWIFT CURRENT, SASKATCHEWAN

OILS AND FATS

It wasn't Mrs. Phyllis Turner's good looks that made me deal with Oils and Fats in the second article, but its tremendous importance emphasized by the fact that despite Goebbel's propaganda of synthetic procurement in Germany, she declares that it's "mostly junk." The supply both here and there must depend on agriculture, whaling and fishing. Germany's economic plan was the original basis for their universal system of state-controlled agriculture, industry, and commerce. Recovery of waste and garbage fats in the households there is mandatory. Think that over, housewives of Canada! not on gasoline, but on a type of glycerine for explosives, medicines, lotions, etc.—cigarettes when available. The average yield from fats is 10 to 12 per cent. "Do you know," Mrs. Turner avoids unnecessary usage and waste of oils and fats.

The picture is so simple, folks. Fats and vegetable oils are our only source of energy in our trip-hammer succession, "that one ounce of dripping per person per week would give us 35 million pounds a year. That 10 lbs. of rendered fats gives 49 anti-aircraft shells? That 100 lbs. of glycerine helps make 180 tank mines, or 780 lbs. of high explosive or enough to mine 780 tons of ore." I had to admit ignorance. You who have sons depending on this (which depends on you) are you interested?

Oils and Tumbled Waters

Just imagine the ramifications of this administration, especially since Japan plugged holes in the Pacific; conserving, inducing and coordinating our vital vegetable, animal and fish oils for food and industrial purposes, i.e., vitamins, oils, shortening, lard, paints, shales, waxes, starches, gloves, soap naval stores, resins, turps, pine oils). As for nutrition, how could you

all exist without a proper proportion of oils and fats in your diet? Mom, isn't it just plain realism?

Doesn't it make you think—as it did me—to hear that we depend so much on it, in our shaving; butter which is 80 per cent fat, our toast in its shortening, our clothes and shoes which get treatment from oils or derivatives; the chair you sit in this linoleum you walk on. Excluding butter we normally consume 450 million lbs of fats yearly in Canada 200 of which, or 45 per cent, had to be imported, originating largely in the Far East. That source went out with Pearl Harbor; your boy guarding convoys knows that even India and West Africa is getting tougher to reach.

Heavy demands for the stout-hearted but hungry Russians, for Britain, for ourselves must be met on this continent. In only one way: increased hemisphere production, saving in consumption. Mrs. Turner sits on the United Nations Council of United States, United Kingdom, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa and Australia which meets in Washington and even Canada's production is pooled, out of which we get only edible and inedible requirements on a strictly controlled basis.

I know you're interested in how they intend meeting the situation. We get lard out of the Far East; with, flaxseed production it is hoped, will be stepped up to at least 20 million bushels this year compared to 6% in 1941; there will be an expansion of soy bean crops, sunflower and rapeseed.

Why Billions Are Needed:

"Why control fats when the U.S.A. increased its production two billion pounds last year?" I asked Mrs. Turner to show that I read Time and Ottawa papers. With that restful and patient smile she asked me, "Did you know that the U.S.A. consumed 11 billion lbs. last year; that a billion was

cut off from the Far East, and furthermore what assurance have any of us that this year's crops will give high yields as last?" Could you answer that smartly, even if you are a stove leaguer?

Sure, you've got a baby around the house. Prior to the war 75 per cent of cod liver oil was imported, mostly from Britain, Norway and Newfoundland. The fishing companies on our Atlantic coast wasted much of the precious vitamin content for canning, etc., feeding livestock and poultry. Do you know that since 1941 we now have five plants of our own producing refined medicinal cod liver oil and that we will be in a position to supply our own needs, the U.S.A., South America, Australia and China? That industry is a war baby and believe me, a pipkin. Vitamin feeding oils for veterinary purposes will now be processed from the lowliest of British Columbia fish; and the despised dogfish, from cut there now produces Vitamin A oil, rich and fortifying to margarine and for night fliers, and is already being shipped to the British Ministry of Food.

Agriculture Comes Into Picture

Yes, I got enough of the story to know that a combination of science, management and invention has put us on the threshold of a period when Canadian agricultural production will take its rightful place in Canadian industry. That's where you and I are interested.

Through efforts of this division, linseed oil is now being processed to replace drying oils hitherto obtained from China; soy beans will probably be used in "nylon" type artificial silk; wheat will be a source of starch and sodium glutamate, the latter previously exported from Japan and used for the meaty flavor in concentrated soups and beverages.

"Keep the fat out of the fire" was the administrator's appeal to women of Canada. It means oil for marine trucks, the life of tinplate and glycerine, the life of tinplate and glycerine, to mention a few.

Consumer Organization Functioning

But I must hurry on to Byrne Sanders, head of Consumers Division, which is giving the Canadian consumer a voice and has 8,000 women across the country doing active voluntary service, co-operating in their own interest.

and trying hard to make for a better understanding between the consumer and retailer.

"The women are doing a grand job," she said and flashed a toothsome, sincere smile which said, "I mean it." "Our task is to channel their difficulties and complaints towards a head and then we can go at the problems again." She admitted women are prone to criticize. (Boy, she ought to hear the men in a smoking compartment.)

Her division is trying so hard to get closer to women everywhere because their whole job so closely affects the household. B. H. Sanders is practical because she said, "The war hasn't started to hurt us yet. It likely will." Price checking is one of the big jobs of the division, but she feels in this that honest retailers deserve protection from those who might not be. She wants women to co-operate with her. These liaison officers in all towns are the link to do it.

"The Consumers Board is set up to represent all you people," and here we quote her exact expression which reflects the energy and determination of this woman. "So for Pete's sake use it. If anything is wrong send it to your nearest committee."

I went out past a battery of female operated typewriters in high gear. I thought if Mom can run the household on Dad's budget, a woman can run the Consumers division mightily effectively with the help of other women across Canada.

Says Men Overseas Would Prefer Letter To a Meal

"I think we live for mail day—I'll bet that most fellows would rather have a letter than a meal," says Lac, P.C. McClelland, in a letter to members of the Parkhill War Services Club thanking them for parcel of cigarettes which he received at Christmas.

"Lac, McClelland told in his letter of the way the men in England spent Christmas day. "As we are billeted near some large woods, we had all our huts decorated with evergreen and holly. Some even had Christmas trees gaily decorated with bits of colored paper, string tin foil, and parcels from home neatly arranged at the base to complete the Christmas morning effect... The mess hall was garlanded with English holly, and evergreen, and the tables scrubbed white, with places laid for each man. The lads were all dressed in their "best blue." The officers as usual on Christmas day, served us. The C.O., with a red fez on, organized the officers into a bucket brigade to pass the food to the tables.

"It was a very satisfied and happy bunch that left the mess hall that day... Thanks being due to the Merchant Navy lads who feed this island through thick and thin.

In concluding his letter, Lac McClelland told of a brief leave at New Year's spent in Scotland, and sent regards to the Scots people of the Hill.

This Club has been sending cigarettes and parcels to the men in services from Parkhill since the beginning of the war, and this is only one of the letters of appreciation which members have received.

THIS WEEK'S SPECIALS

Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal pkt.	33c
So-Ho Sodas, dollar Box	42c
Swansdown Cake Flour pkt	33c
Giant Oxydol pkt	76c
Brookfield Cheese 2 lb box	69c
Flaky Sodas 1 lb pkt	18c
Soya Bean Soup Mix pkt	35c
Raymore Sweet Pickles per jar	33c
Posts Bran Flakes 2 pkts	23c
Nabob Coffee 1b pkt	51c

TIME TO PAINT!!
NEW STOCK JUST IN. COME IN AND PICK YOUR COLORS.

BANNER HARDWARE AND GROCERY

Co-operative Live Stock Shipping

List your Live Stock through Alberta Live Stock Co-operative for Shipment with Cooley Bros., Chinook.
Shipments will be made every two weeks or as often as necessary.
Ship your Stock Co-operatively and get all the market value.

IMPORTANT ORDER REPAIRS NOW

Check All Your Farm Equipment Because Repair Parts are difficult to get and getting more difficult as time goes on. If you leave your ordering until spring, chances are you will be disappointed.

DON'T DELAY
Ask Your Dealer For
I. H. C. & John Deere

COOLEY BROS.

Chinook, Alta.

Phone 10

Out of the Frying Pan and into the FIRING LINE

Save ALL WASTE fats & bones

GLYCERINE FOR ANGLON BENITO & TOJO

Canada needs and must have every spoonful of fat drippings, every piece of scrap fat and every bone from every kitchen in Canada. Fats make glycerine and glycerine makes high explosives. Bones produce fat. Also glue for war industry.

Don't throw away a single drop of used fat—bacon grease, meat drippings, frying fat—every kind you use. They are urgently needed to win this war.

Strain all drippings through an ordinary strainer into a clean wide-mouthed can. Add your scrap fat (cooked or uncooked) and all types of bones—cooked, uncooked or dry.

When you have collected a pound or more of fat dripping, take it to your meat dealer who will pay you the established price for the dripping and the scrap fat. Or you can dispose of them through any Municipal or Salvage Committee collection system IN EFFECT in your community.

Be a munition maker right in your own kitchen. For instance, there is enough explosive power hidden in ten pounds of fat to fire 49 anti-aircraft shells. So—every day, this easy way, keep working for Victory for the duration of the war.

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL WAR SERVICES
NATIONAL SALVAGE DIVISION

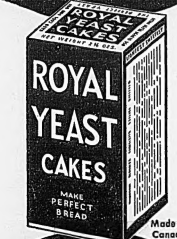


HAMILTON • TORONTO • MONTREAL

NOTHING LIKE
GOOD
BREAD

NOTHING
LIKE GOOD
YEAST!

50 years a favorite
for light-textured,
delicious, tasty
bread



7 OUT OF 8
CANADIAN WOMEN
WHO USE ROYAL YEAST
USE DRY YEAST!

RANDOM HARVEST

Adapted from the Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
by BEATRICE FABER

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Charles Rainier..... Ronald Colman
Paula..... Greer Garson
Dr. Jonathan Benet..... Philip
Kitty..... Susan Peters
D. Sims..... Henry Travers
"Billie"..... Reginald Owen
Harrison..... Bramwell Fletcher
Sam..... Rhys Williams
Telephonist..... Una O'Connor
Mr. Lloyd..... Charles Watson
Mrs. Lloyd..... Elizabeth Ridlon

CHAPTER II—Continued

Everyone was in the breakfast room the next morning when Smithy descended. Sheldon had informed them of the "men's" arrival and the buzz of conversation was quite audible as Smithy entered. Yes, they were all chattering together, his sisters Jill, Julia, and Bridget, his brothers Chet, George and Julian. They all greeted him but it was an odd get-together for the undercurrent of it was apprehension. Just how much income would they lose now that their brother was bankrupt? Smithy took the bull by the horns. He was going to step right into his father's business and start running it himself. Anyone who didn't believe him, could buy out now and be paid off in cash.

There were no acceptances but doul hung over the table like cigarette smoke. Finally everyone decided to be off and there was only one member of the family left, Kitty, step-daughter of Smithy's sister, Jill. Smithy had noticed her Kitty had grown, been vaguely aware of her youthful, flowering beauty. Now she forced herself on his attention with shy flirtatiousness. "You know," she said, "I'll be eighteen in several

years. And you'll probably be thinking of a woman in your life by that time—"

He was rather amused at her audacity. "I'll keep you in mind." "Will you?" she asked eagerly. "Oh, I know you're laughing at me but please don't do anything rash in the meantime because—because I do like you so awfully—and in a different way than when I was a child."

His smile was tenderly mocking. "I'll remember that Kitty—but I'll have to think it over."

She clasped his hand and blurted out, "Anyway don't you think I might come here in the holidays? Sort of take care of you?"

"What would your mother say?" "Jill!" Kitty made a gesture. Her twice divorced mother held very little sway over her. "Oh, she wouldn't mind. She loves to get rid of me. Anyhow, you'll write, won't you?"

He hesitated. Then he nodded. "All right if you want me to."

He watched them in the driveway as the car drove away. Kitty called back, "Goodbye Uncle Charles. Thanks for asking me to come and visit you in the holidays."

They were gone and his face clouded over. Once more he felt alone. With the exception of Kitty they had given him no cheer, no comfort. But they had been human beings, his own kin.

Now, he once more felt lost. In the next few years his work went surprisingly well. His offices in London were enlarged twice over and production in his many factories grew apace, doubling semi-annually. Much to their own surprise, his brothers and sisters were drawing far larger incomes than they had ever anticipated.

True to his promise, Smithy had answered Kitty's letters. He had done even more, actually showed up at her college graduation and stopped in for a dance or two at her debut. Since then, he'd squirmed her about London and now they were fine friends indeed, with much more in common than Smithy would have suspected. He often wondered where it was all leading but refused to pursue the disturbing matter any further in his thoughts.

It was a sunny June day and he and Kitty sat at a luncheon table just overlooking the Thames. They had been chatting gaily. Now Kitty spoke with a sudden abruptness. She seemed really grown-up in that moment. "Charles, you know you've spoilt me for other men."

That was startling. "But my dear that's ridiculous." "But my dear," she crushed out her cigarette. "Oh, it's all right. I'll marry some nice young man eventually and be quite happy." There was a shame-faced



MR. T. A. PUMPFREY is a war worker. He began to feel dizzy, nervous and all in—always constipated. An inactive liver was the cause—Fruit-a-Lives quickly made him well. Back up your liver with Fruit-a-Lives, Canada's Largest Selling Liver Tablets.

Quite understandable. You're a lovely charming girl and I—I need someone like you. I'm depending on you to help me build a new life."

Her eyes rounded. "Then you really mean it Charles? You—want me to marry you?"

"I want you to marry me Kitty." "And it isn't just something you'll forget when you go back to the office?"

He smiled. "If I do I'll tell my secretary Miss Ransom to remind me." She blushed and her eyes sparkled.

"On Charles it's all so marvelous. Quick, take me out of here. Let's go some place where you can kiss me."

He returned to the office a little later and rang for Miss Ransom. For a moment he sat there, poring over the blueprints of the factory his company had just bought at Melbridge. He frowned, Melbridge. He'd never been there, yet the name of the place struck some spark in his mind. Then, as the door opened, he dismissed it.

His secretary stood there watching him for a moment. How often, she, Paula Ridgeway, known to him as Miss Ransom, had watched Smithy thus. And how her heart had ached for them both.

She had searched for him everywhere all those long years after he had disappeared. She had returned to the County Asylum at Melbridge, enlisted the help of Doctor Benet who had known him. Even after their young son had died, she had continued to search. But it had been useless.

Then she had taken a business course, obtained a job and one day a miracle had come. She had seen Smithy's picture in a magazine with



"All you can do is wait and hope," advised Dr. Benet.

the caption, "Charles Rainier, Industrial Prince of England." She had been ready to fly to him but Doctor Benet had stopped her. Smithy wouldn't know her. He would accept her out of duty but she could never have the love he had given her as Smithy. Her one hope was that some day the memory door to their years together would open for him. So with this to feed on, she had finally maneuvered a position with Smithy as his trusted secretary. For several years now, she had been his valued right hand.

As Smithy looked up he had no faint inkling that before him stood the woman he had loved. Briskly he began to go through the files with her. Then, on impulse, he spoke. "Miss Ransom, you're the first to hear my news. You see, I'm being married."

A convulsive tremor went over her and she paled slightly but her voice was even as she replied, "To Miss Kitty I suppose? She's—she's a very charming girl."

He nodded. "I fully agree. Well, I'll be taking some time off. That means a lot of work in the meantime. Suppose we get started."

All afternoon they worked together but her brain was seething. He was going to be married and there was nothing she could do. Oh, how she longed to tell him that she had loved him not to reveal her secret. If, when she had walked into Smithy's office, he hadn't restored his memory what could her mere words do? She could chain her legal rights to the woman, give her back the Smithy who had loved her with such warmth and emotion on the day he had left.

"Paula," Benet had said, "I believe that you're still in that locked chamber of your mind. But your mere presence won't unlock it. The impetus must be from within. It can't be forced on him from the outside. All you can do is wait and hope."

But now the hoping was over. He was going to be married and she must help make it right.

(To Be Continued)

For sound investment buy War Savings Certificates.

GARDEN NOTES

Big Croppers For Gardens

Much will depend upon the location and size of the vegetable garden as to the crops grown in it. If tiny, say less than 50 feet square, then authorities advise concentrating on those vegetables which give the biggest yield per row. This means small, compact things like carrots, beets, lettuce, beans, spinach, onions, radish, possibly a few stalked tomatoes. With the first items, even 12 feet of row, if given a little attention in the way of thinning, cultivation, and perhaps watering and fertilizer, should produce many good meals for the fair-sized family. And as the rows can be spaced a mere foot apart, a small plot will grow a lot of crop.

The stalked tomatoes will take up more room. They should be 18 inches apart in the row, but one plant should grow a big basket of tomatoes, and if all side shoots are nipped off and the plant tied loosely to a six-foot stake it will ripen the fruit surprisingly early.

It doesn't pay to grow bulky things like potatoes in the tiny vegetable garden, and a winter's supply of carrots, onions, beets, etc., should not be attempted. Corn and peas take up a lot of room but because they are never so tasty as when taken right out of the garden at the back door, sometimes even city gardeners try to squeeze them in.

Garden corn should be grown in hills about 15 to 18 inches apart. To supply the small family at least a dozen hills of corn are necessary, and from 40 to 60 feet of row of peas.

Transplanting

These three most important factors in successful transplanting are moisture, shade and the exclusion of air from the roots. Whether the thing to be transplanted is a tiny, young shoot from the next row or a 15-foot maple, experts stress the thing. If at all possible, they say, transplanting should be done on a dull day or evening. Soak with water around the roots and press the soil firmly to exclude air. If at all possible, and especially with big plants, shrubs and trees, regular watering after transplanting is at least until July, with nursery stock.

Moving a plant is something like an operation. If at all possible, and the larger the specimen the more necessary the attention. With shrubs and trees, often main roots are cut and the shock is severe. Some pick-up in the way of quickly available commercial fertilizer will help at this time, merely a pinch for small things like tomato plants or asters, and perhaps up to a couple of handfuls for shrubs and trees.

SMILE AWHILE

Doctor—How often does the pain come?

Patient—Every four or five minutes.

Doctor—And lasts?

Patient—Well, a quarter of an hour, at least.

"Were you nervous?" asked young Mrs. Hobson. "When you begged daddy to give his consent?"

"He gave me the fright of my life," grunted Hobson.

She is still wondering what he meant.

Impatient Customer—Can't you wait on me? Two pounds of liver; I'm in a hurry.

Butcher—Sorry, madam, but two or three are ahead of you. You surely don't want your liver out of order.

"What's good for my wife's fallen arches?"

"Rubber heels."

"What shall I rub 'em with?"

Little Fellow (in Sunday school class when he had been forced against his will to donate a dime to the missionary cause)—Darn it, I wish I was a heathen.

Teacher (in sorrow)—George! What do you mean?

Little Fellow—Oh, well, the heathen don't have to give nothing—they just do all the gettin'.

Nurse (bringing little Betty home)

"MIDDLE-AGE"

WOMEN (38-52)

HEED THIS ADVICE!!

If you're cross, restless, NERVOUS—suffer hot flashes, dizziness—consult this medicine in a woman's life.

Dr. J. B. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a pinch for small things like tomato plants or asters, and perhaps up to a couple of handfuls for shrubs and trees.

Made in Canada.

WHY HAVE SORE FEET?

JUST RUB IN

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"KING OF PAIN"

35¢ LINIMENT

"Believe me
on this war job
I need an
energy breakfast"

HELP CANADA
KEEP FIT &

NABISCO
SHREDDED WHEAT

"That's why I eat Nabisco Shredded Wheat with milk every morning. It says right on the package that it's 100% whole wheat with all the bran and wheat germ. I've found Nabisco Shredded Wheat a real energy food at any time—and it tastes so good, too!"

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OF CANADIAN WHEAT

from party, taking her hand to help her up a high curbstone—Good gracious, Betty! How sticky your hands are!

Betty—So would yours be if you had two bars of chocolate candy and a chocolate éclair in your muff.

He—Is she progressive or conservative?

She—I don't know. She wears last year's hat, drives this year's car, and lives on next year's income.

A Sunday School teacher was giving a lesson on the Fall. Question: "Have you ever wondered why it was a woman who first tasted the forbidden fruit and thus brought sin into the world?" Dead silence. "Come on, why wasn't it a man?"

Bright little girl: "Please teacher, wasn't the story written by a man?"

"Your wife is a very systematic woman, isn't she?" asked Robinson.

"Yes, very," replied Smith. "She works on the theory that you can find whatever you want when you don't want it by looking where it wouldn't be if you did want it."

"I wonder why it is you can't argue with a woman?"

"You can, but it doesn't do any good."

He was a husband in a domestic rage. He got up and knocked over a small table. He kicked it aside. Then, with a scowl, he strode out of the room.

"Sweetheart," his wife called after him, "you've forgotten something!" His stormy face reappeared. "You didn't slam the door."

QUITE SUITABLE

An American visitor drifted into one of the big London bookshops, and said he wanted something to read.

Soon his eye fell upon Sir Charles Petrie's biography of an eminent British statesman, published under the simple title of "Canning."

"I'll take that," said the American. Then he added: "I'm in that line of business, anyhow."

OUR CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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Rev. R. W. French, B. A.
Service will be held in the
United Church every Sunday
11:45 a.m.
Sunday School 10:30

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Or

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SOFT DRINKS and
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ICE CREAM

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FOR SALE

HOUSE FOR SALE
Apply To Mrs. V. Lee

FURNITURE for sale
Terms cash
Apply to Mrs. V. Lee

Mr. Art Lee who spent the
winter months in Calgary re-
turned to his home on the
farm on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Withell
and Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Butts
were Hanna visitors on Sat-
urday.

Starting April 1st this store
will be closed all day Tuesdays
and Thursdays until further
notice.

Chinook Meat Market

Miss Florence Barros left on
Saturday for Drumheller where
she will visit with her sister
Mrs. Bangs.

Inspector Hambley of Oyen
and Dr. Swift of Edmonton
Chief Inspector of Schools for
the Province, visited the Chi-
nook school on Thursday.



With ROYAL,
bread is fine and light
Results are
always SURE—
An airtight wrapper
guards each cake
And keeps it
fresh and pure

MADE IN CANADA

FULL STRENGTH



Social Welfare Activities

In spite of inclement wea-
ther on Friday, April 9th two
welfare activities were held in
Chinook.

A Variety Concert sponsored
by the Chinook United
Church was well patronized
and brought in gross receipts
amounting to \$28.35. The
well balanced programme con-
sisted of thirteen numbers,
and the crowd appeared to
enjoy every minute of it. Spe-
cial mention should be made
of "A Tribute to the Services"
by the Junior Sunday School
Class, and the one act comedy
"Have You Had Your Opera-
tion?" by a group of energetic
ladies. A good deal of credit
for this successful concert
must go to Mrs. I. Nicholson,
Mrs. Jack Lee and Mrs. Butts,
who were responsible for the
planning and for the organiza-
tion of the programme.

The Dance in the Hotel
under the sponsorship of the
Chinook Red Cross yielded a
net return of \$13.25.

Once again the citizens of
Chinook District have proved
their desire to help in any
worthwhile enterprise.

Mrs. Joyce Hogg left on
Saturday night for Calgary
and High River, where she
will visit with friends and
relatives.

Mrs. Lloyd Robinson and
daughter, Mrs. Geo. McKeage
left Monday night for Calgary,
where they will visit Mr. Mc-
Keage before submitting to a
critical operation.

The Ladies Card Club
Met Tuesday Evening

The Ladies Card Club met
Tuesday evening at the home
of Mrs. L. Robinson. Honors
were shared by Mrs. Robinson
and Mrs. Lee. A dainty lunch
was served by the hostess.

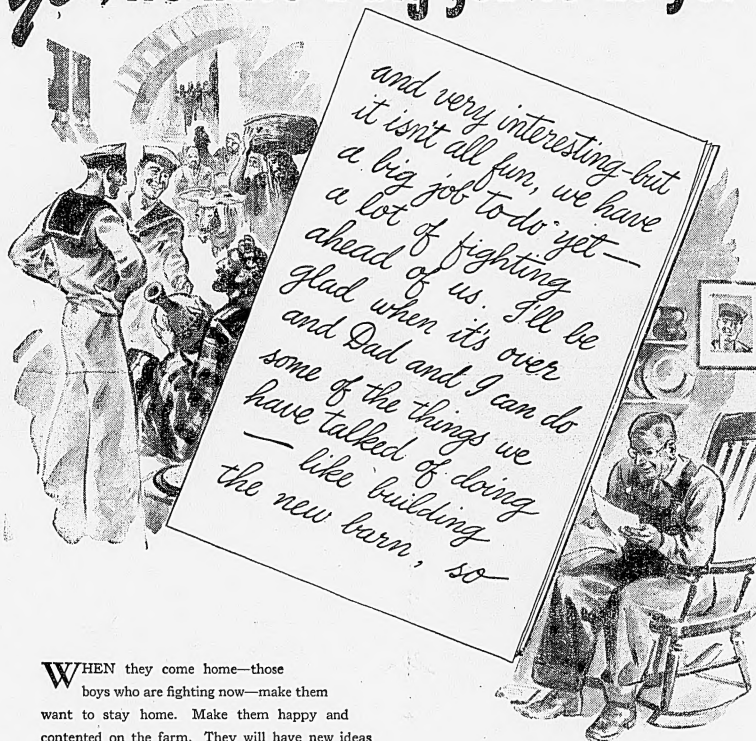
Mrs. Wilson will entertain
next week at the home of
Mrs. Nicholson.

Mr. D. L. Butts is spending
this week in Hanna visiting at
the home of his son, Homer.

The weather has been gener-
ally fair and warm for the
past week, and roads are dry-
ing up quickly.

District farmers and stock
men are elated by the amount
of water in the sloughs and
dams which old timers say
are fuller than they have been
for many years.

Yes, "we have a big job to do yet"



WHEN they come home—those
boys who are fighting now—make them
want to stay home. Make them happy and
contented on the farm. They will have new ideas
they want to try out. They may want to go in for
new breeding stock; new crops; work out a drainage
or irrigation project; do a big job of fertilizing.
You are wearing out implements and equipment
which cannot be replaced now. You may want to
erect new buildings, or to add to present buildings.
You may wish to modernize your farm with water or
electricity. You may want a new motor car—new
conveniences and comforts for your home. These
things cost money. Save money now and invest your

savings in Victory Bonds. They will provide cash
for things you will need when the war ends.

You can buy Victory Bonds for cash in a lump sum,
or you can arrange to pay for them in convenient
instalments over a period of six months.

Your Victory Bond salesman will be glad to tell you
full particulars.

WHAT IS A VICTORY BOND?

A VICTORY BOND is the promise of the Dominion of Canada to repay in
cash the full face value of the Bond at the time stipulated, with half-yearly
interest at the rate of 3% per annum until maturity.

A Victory Bond is the safest investment in Canada. The entire resources of
the Dominion stand behind it. Canada has been issuing bonds for 75 years,
and has never failed to pay every dollar of principal and interest.

A Victory Bond is an asset more readily converted into cash than any
other security.

Buy all
the **VICTORY BONDS** you
can

National War Finance Committee

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